

# The Native American.

VOL. I.

WASHINGTON CITY, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1838.

NO. 45.

Printed by J. C. DUNN for the N. A. Association.

## PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

TERMS.—Subscriptions for one year, \$2 50 in advance, or \$3 00 if paid at the end of three months. For six months, \$1 50 in advance. Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

All letters relating to the pecuniary interests of the Paper to be addressed, postage paid, to the Publisher, JAMES C. DUNN.

All letters relative to the Editorial department to be directed, postage paid, to the Editor of the Native American.

Those subscribers for a year, who do not give notice of their wish to have the paper discontinued at the end of their year, will be presumed as desiring its continuance until countermanded, and it will accordingly be continued at the option of the publisher.

[From the Illinois Monthly Magazine.]

## ADVENTURES OF A RANGER.

We do not know that we can fill a few pages more profitably than by relating an adventure of our neighbor and friend Mr. Higgins, as we have heard it from his own mouth. He resides within a few miles of Vandalia, and receives a pension from the United States for his services. Mr. Higgins is a man of strict veracity; his companions have corroborated his narrative, and his wounds are ample proof of his courage and sufferings.

Tom Higgins, as he is usually called, is a native of Kentucky; and is one of the best examples extant of the genuine back woodsman. During the last war, at the age of nineteen he enlisted in the rangers, a corps of mounted men, raised expressly for the protection of the western frontiers. On the 30th of August, 1814, he was one of a party of twelve men, under the command of Lieut. Journey, posted at Hill's Station, a small stockade, about eight miles south of the present village of Greenville, and something more than twenty miles from Vandalia. These towns were not then in existence; and the surrounding country was one vast wilderness. During the day last mentioned, Indian signs were seen about half a mile from the station, and at night the savages were discovered prowling near the fort, but no alarm was given. On the following morning early, Lieut. Journey moved out with his party in pursuit of the Indians. Passing round the fence of a corn field adjoining the fort, they struck across the prairie, and had not proceeded more than a quarter of a mile, when in crossing a small ridge, which was covered with a hazel thicket, and in full view of the station, they fell into an ambuscade of the Indians, who arose suddenly around them, to the number of seventy or eighty, and fired. Four of the party were killed, among whom was Lieut. Journey, one other fell badly wounded, and the rest fled, except Higgins.

It was an uncommonly sultry morning, the day just dawning; a heavy dew had fallen the preceding night; the air was still and humid, and the smoke from the guns hung in the heavy cloud over the spot. Under cover of this cloud Higgins' surviving companions had escaped, supposing that all were left dead, or that at all events it would be rashness to attempt to rescue them from so overwhelming a force. Higgins' horse had been shot through the neck, and had fell to his knees, and rose again several times. Believing the animal to be mortally wounded, he dismounted, but finding that the wound had not greatly disabled him, he continued to hold the bridle; for as he now felt confident of being able to make good his retreat, he determined to fire off his gun before he retired. He looked round for a tree. There was but one, a small elm, and he made for this, intending to shoot from behind it, but at this moment the cloud of smoke rose partially from before him, disclosing to his view a number of Indians, none of whom discovered him. One of them stood within a few paces loading his gun, and at him Higgins took a deliberate aim and fired, and the Indian fell. Mr. Higgins still concealed by the smoke reloaded his gun, mounted, and turned to fly, when a low voice near him hailed him with Tom, you want leave me?

On looking round he discovered the speaker to be one of his companions, named Burgess, who was lying wounded on the ground, and he replied instantly, no, I'll not leave you; come along and I'll take care of you.

I can't come, replied Burgess, my leg is smashed all to pieces.

Higgins sprang from his saddle, and picked up his comrade, whose ankle bone was broken, and proceeded to lift him on his horse, telling him to fly, and that he would make his way on foot. But the horse taking fright at this instant, darted off, leaving Higgins with his wounded friend on foot. Still the cool bravery of the former was sufficient for every emergency, and setting Burgess down gently, he told him, now my good friend, you must hop off on your three legs, while I stay between you and the Indians, and keep them off—instructing him at the same time to get into the highest grass and crawl as close to the ground as possible. Burgess followed his advice, and escaped unnoticed. History does not relate a more disinterested act of heroism than this of Higgins, who having in his hands the certain means of escape from such imminent peril, voluntarily gave them up by offering his horse to a wounded comrade; and who when that generous intention was defeated, and his own retreat was still practicable, remained at the hazard of his life to protect his crippled friend.

The cloud of smoke which had partially opened before him, as he faced the enemy, still lay thick behind him; as he plunged through this hazel thicket, between him and the main body of the Indians, was retreating unobserved by them. Under these circumstances, it is probable that if he had retreated in a direct line towards the station he might easily have effected his escape; but Burgess was slowly crawling away in that direction, and the gallant Higgins, who coolly surveyed the whole ground, foresaw that if he pursued the same track and should be discovered, his friend would be endangered. He therefore took the heroic resolution of diverging from the true course so far, that if any of the enemy should follow him they would not fall in with Burgess. With this intention, he moved stealthily onward through the smoke and bushes, and intending when he emerged, to retreat at full speed. But as he left the thicket he beheld a large Indian near him; two others on the side in the direction of the fort. Tom coolly surveyed his foes, and began to chalk out his track; for although in the confidence of his activity and courage, he felt undis-

mayed at such odds, yet he found it necessary to act the general. Having an enemy on each flank, he determined to separate them, and fight them singly. Making for a ravine, which was not far off, he bounded away, but soon found that one of his limbs failed him, having received a ball in the first fire, which, until now, he had scarcely noticed. The largest Indian was following him closely. Higgins several times turned to fire, but the Indian would halt and dance about to prevent him from taking aim; and Tom knew that he could not afford to fire at random. The other two were now close on him, and he found that unless he could dispose of the first he must be overpowered. He therefore halted, determined to receive a fire; and the Indian, at a few paces distant, raised his rifle. Higgins watched his adversary's eye, and just as he thought his finger pressed the trigger, he suddenly threw his side to him. It is probable that this motion saved his life, for the ball entered his thigh, which would have pierced his body. Tom fell, but rose again, ran, and the largest Indian, certain of his prey, loaded again, and then, with the two others, pursued. They soon came near. Higgins had fallen, and as he rose, they all three fired, and he received all their balls. He now fell and rose several times, and the Indians throwing away their guns, advanced on him with spears and knives. They frequently charged upon him, but upon his presenting his gun at one or the other, they fell back. At last, the largest one, thinking probable from Tom's reserving his fire so long, that his gun was empty, charged boldly up to him, and Higgins, with a steady aim, shot him dead.

With four bullets in his body, with an empty gun, two Indians before him, and a whole tribe but a few rods off, almost any other man would have despaired. But Tom Higgins had no such notion. The Indian whom he had last slain was the most dangerous of the three; and he felt little fear of the others. He had been near enough to see their eyes, and he knew human nature sufficiently to discover that he was their superior in courage. He therefore faced them, and he began to load his rifle. They raised a whoop and rushed upon him. They kept their distance as long as his rifle was loaded, said he, but now when they knew it was empty they were better soldiers. A fierce and bloody contest ensued. The Indians rushed on Tom, stabbed him in many places; but it happened, fortunately, that the shafts of their spears were thin poles, rigged hastily for this occasion, which bent whenever the point struck a rib, or encountered the opposition of one of Higgins' tough muscles. From this cause, and the continual exertion of his hand and rifle in warling off their thrusts, the wounds thus made were not deep, but his whole front was covered with gashes, of which the scars yet remain in honorable proof of his valor. At last one of them threw his tomahawk; the edge sunk deep into Higgins' cheek, and passed through his ear which it severed, laid bare his skull to the back of his head, and stretched him on the plain. The Indians rushed on; but Tom instantly recovered his self-possession and kept them off with his feet and hands, until he succeeded in grasping one of their spears, which, as the Indians attempted to pull it from him, aided him to rise; and clubbing his rifle, he rushed upon the nearest of his foes, and dashed his brains out; in doing which, he broke the stock to pieces, retaining only the barrel in his hand.

The other Indian, however warily he had fought before, now came manfully into battle. It is probable that he felt his character, as a warrior, at stake. To have fled from a man desperately wounded and almost disarmed, or to have suffered his victim to escape, would have tarnished his reputation. Uttering a terrific yell he rushed on, attempting to stab the exhausted ranger, while the latter ward off the blow with one hand, brandished his rifle barrel in the other. The Indian unwounded, was now by far the most powerful man. But the moral courage of our hero prevailed, and the savage, unable to bear the fierce glance of his untamed eye, began to retreat slowly toward the place where he had dropped his rifle. Tom knew if the Indian recovered his gun, his own case was hopeless; and throwing away his rifle, he drew his hunting knife, and rushed in upon him. A desperate strife ensued, and several deep gashes were inflicted, but the Indian succeeded in casting Higgins from him, and ran to the spot where he had thrown his gun, while Tom searched for the gun of the other Indian. Thus the two, bleeding and out of breath, were both searching for arms to renew the combat.

By this time the smoke, which lay between the combatants and the main body of Indians, had passed away, and a number of the latter having passed a hazel thicket were in full view. It seemed, therefore, as if nothing could save our heroic ranger. But relief was at hand. The little garrison at the station, six or seven in number, had witnessed the whole of this remarkable combat.

There was among them a heroic woman, a Mrs. Pursley, who when she saw Higgins contending singly with the foe, urged the men to go to his rescue. The rangers at first considered the case as hopeless, as the Indians outnumbered them ten to one. But Mrs. Pursley declaring that so fine a fellow as Tom should not be lost for want of help, snatched a rifle out of her husband's hand, and jumping on a horse, sallied out. The men, who would not be outdone by a woman, followed, full gallop, towards the place of combat. A scene of intense interest ensued. The Indians at the thicket had just discovered Tom, and were rushing down towards him with savage yells. The rangers reached the battle ground first. Mrs. Pursley, who knew Tom's spirit, thought he had thrown himself down in despair for the loss of his gun, and tendered him the one she had carried; but Tom was past shooting. His friends lifted him up, threw him across a horse before one of his party, and turned to retreat just as the Indians came up. They made good their retreat, and the Indians retired.

After being carried into the fort, he remained insensible for some days, and his life was preserved with difficulty by his friends, who extracted all the bullets but two, which remained in his thigh; one of which gave him a great deal of pain for several years, although the flesh was healed. At length he heard that a physician had settled within a day's ride of him, whom he went to see. The physician was willing to extract the ball, but asked the moderate sum of \$50 for the operation. This Tom flatly refused to give, as it was more than a half year's pension. And as he rode home

he turned the matter in his mind, and determined upon a cheaper plan. When he reached home he requested his wife to hand him a razor. The exercise of riding had so chafed the part, that the ball which usually was not discovered to the touch, could be felt. With the assistance of his helpmate, he very deliberately laid open his thigh until the edge of the razor touched the bullet, and inserting his two thumbs into the gash, fired it out, as he assured us, without costing a cent. The other remains in his limbs yet, but gives him no trouble except when he uses violent exercise. He is now one of the most successful hunters in the country, and it still takes the best kind of a man to handle him.

## INTERESTING DISCOVERY OF A BURNED CITY.

The Nantucket Inquirer contains an account of an ancient city on the coast of Peru, which, with all its inhabitants had been burned by some volcanic or other convulsion of nature, and which has been but recently discovered. The information is derived from Captain B. Ray, of Nantucket, commander of the ship Togan, lately arrived at New Bedford from the South Seas.

He states, that on touching at the port of Guamey, Truxillo, which is in about ten degrees of south latitude, he found the inhabitants engaged in excavating the remains of a subterranean city, which they had recently discovered in their immediate vicinity. He visited the spot whilst the excavations were proceeding, and examined those portions of the ruins and relics which had been explored. From the situation in which human mummies were found, there appeared to be no doubt, that they, like the inhabitants of Herculaneum and Pompeii, in Europe, had been overwhelmed in one common death and oblivion whilst in the midst of their ordinary avocations. It does not appear from Capt. Ray's statement, that any clue has been found to the date of the awful event, but the bodies were in a wonderful state of preservation; the hair, the nails and integuments, remaining entire as in life, and the muscular structure but little shrunk, though perfectly exsiccated—the effects, possibly, of the nitrous properties of the circumjacent soil. The mummy of one man was found in an erect position, and from pieces of money which were found near him, it may be inferred that this ancient people were not irreconcilably opposed to a specie currency. From some evidence, which is not stated, the conjecture is given that the population of this unknown city must have amounted to 30,000 souls.

The walls of some of the edifices remain standing, and in one of the explored houses, Captain Ray saw the body of a woman in a sitting posture, who, when overwhelmed in the solemn hour of destruction, appeared to have been engaged in weaving, for the implements of that avocation were around her, and were in her skeleton hands. A small piece of cloth, partly woven, was spread before her upon a reed frame; in one hand she held a sharp spindle or bodkin, eight or ten inches in length, on which was wound a quantity of fine cotton thread of light brown color; and parcels of cotton and worsted yarns, of various colors, were also lying near her. She appears to have been wrapped in a loose cotton robe, suitable to the warmth of the climate. Capt. Ray procured the unfinished fabric on which she had been engaged, together with her spindle and several specimens of her threads. It appears to have been a work of ingenious ornament, like a sampler, or table rug, for the frame was eight inches square, and she had completed about one half of her industrious task, when her hands lost their cunning in the sudden grasp of a dreadful death. We may possibly hereafter learn further particulars of this interesting discovery; further excavations may develop some indications of the age and name of this buried city, and of the character and social condition of its entombed inhabitants.—*South Western Journal.*

ORIGIN OF GUNPOWDER.—At a late meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society, Mr. H. Wilkinson read a paper on the invention of gunpowder, which he considered had its origin in the East; although the time and place of its discovery are involved in great obscurity. The opinion of its oriental origin is supported, rather by a number of concurrent probabilities and by allusions in ancient authors, than by any direct testimony. On this subject the writer proposed an ingenious hypothesis. He observed, that although gunpowder was greatly improved by an admixture of sulphur, it did not necessarily require that ingredient, but that it might be made by charcoal and nitre only. The soil in many parts both of India and China is much impregnated with nitre, and it was no doubt the ancient custom in those countries to dress food by wood fires kindled on the ground; this custom is, indeed, still followed by certain classes in India. In such cases, when the fires have been extinguished, a portion of the wood would become charcoal; this mixing with the noxious oil, might be converted into a deflagrating mixture, which would probably be observed by some one of sufficient curiosity to examine the causes of it. Mr. Wilkinson adverted to the Greek fire, used as a weapon of war, before the application of gunpowder to military purposes; and the accounts which have been sometimes mistaken for those of gunpowder, so as to give rise to the opinion of the more early introduction of gunpowder than was really the case.—*Lyons Argus.*

FRENCH POLITENESS.—French politeness is a very different thing from English or American politeness, if the ladies are as kindly as the opposite sex, as they are reported to be in the following paragraph.—*Newburyport Herald.*

"If a lady meets a gentleman upon the little side-walk, which French courtesy calls a 'trottoir,' it is the lady who always trots into the mud. The French women seem used to this submission and yield to it instinctively; and, indeed, all who feel their weakness, as children and old men, being subject to the same necessity, show the same resignation. Also, if a number of gentlemen are collected, even across the broad walk of the Boulevards, the lady walks round not to inconvenience them; and it is not excepted of a French gentleman, in a public place or vehicle, that he should give his seat to any one, of whatever sex, age or condition, or that he should deviate from his straight line on the street for any thing less than an omnibus. The French have been a polite people, and they continue to trade on the credit of their ancestors. What is curious to observe, is the complaisance with which human nature follows a general example. A Russian wife when the husband neglects to beat her for a month or two, is kindly at his indifference, and I have read that the French women are the warmest defenders of this French civility."

## IMPORTANT DECISION.

Commonwealth, vs. William Adams and Alfred G. Bird. Before his Honor, Judge Randall.

This was a charge, on the oath of John Malseed, that the defendants had conspired to disturb divine service in the Fourth Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia. The Alderman before whom the charge had been made, required the defendants to give security for their appearance at the Criminal Court. This they refused to do, persisting that they had committed no act for which they should be called upon to answer, and that whatever improper or criminal had taken place, was caused by those who brought the prosecution. The defendants thus refusing to enter bail, the magistrate made out their commitment. A "Habeas Corpus" was then issued, and the whole subject underwent an investigation before his honor, Judge Randall, who, on Saturday last, delivered his opinion, that there was no evidence that the defendants had committed the offence alleged in the commitment, and they were accordingly discharged.

The only witness called in behalf of the defendants was the Rev. Wm. L. McCalla, the pastor of the church, and his testimony presents a full statement of the case, and discloses a series of occurrences not usual, we hope, in any Christian congregation. Sometime last November, the congregation, at an election held in pursuance to their charter, elected William H. Adams (one of the defendants) clerk; the Board of Trustees subsequently authorized Mr. Adams to call in the services of Mr. Bird, (the other defendant) to assist him. The selection, by the congregation, of Mr. Adams, was contrary to the wishes of the pastor, who desired the election of another individual. Being thus disappointed by the congregation, he determined to be even with them—and as they would not choose his singer, he made up his mind that they should have no singing. Accordingly from last November until the fifteenth of April, when the alleged conspiracy occurred, (with one or two exceptions) there has been no singing on the Sabbath by that congregation. On the latter day Mr. McCalla changed his plan of proceeding, and gave out a hymn to be sung, having previously made his arrangements so that the clerks and the great body of his people should be prevented from joining in the service.

From the formation of the congregation, they have used Watts' Psalms and Hymns, and when Mr. McCalla was called to the pastoral care of that church, he expressed his satisfaction with the selection, and desired that it might be continued. On this day, however, without having informed the congregation of his intended change, and without naming any book, he gave out from Dr. Alexander's Selection, hymn No. 125, and without reading the hymn, or any part of it, as is usual, he immediately commenced singing, *not the hymn he had given out, but No. 261.* He was joined by the people in five verses, to whom he had previously given copies of the book; when the Hymn No. 125 was given out by the pastor, the clerks and part of the congregation turned to hymn No. 125 in Watts' Selection, and sang it. This was, however, a different hymn, and of different metre from that sung by Mr. McCalla; considerable discord was produced. The pastor then commenced praying, but the singing was continued. He then dismissed the congregation, but the clerks continued singing until they finished the hymn. Not the least remarkable of these singular occurrences, is, that the pastor should give out hymn No. 125, and yet sing hymn No. 261.

To those persons whom he had given the new books, he had also given strips of paper, containing two rows of numbers, with instructions that when he gave out the number that was in one row they were not to look for that hymn, but for the hymn the number of which was opposite on the other row; thus, when he gave out hymn No. 125, those who were in the secret understood that they were to sing No. 261. As might have been expected, when this evidence was repeated by the Judge, before a crowded court, it gave rise to considerable merriment, and it is to be hoped that no similar scene will ever be disclosed in a court of justice.—*U. S. Gazette.*

CLAIMS ON THE INDIANS.—A very serious difficulty was likely to occur yesterday at the barracks. In consequence of previous judicial proceedings, Judge Buchanan had allowed two days for claimants to demand what negroes belonged to them; and yesterday morning one Love, a half breed, as we understand, claimed no less than 67 negroes as the progeny of an old negress, who ran away from him, being an old woman at the very time! These negroes belonged to, or were owned by, an Indian, who proved that he received them from his father; thus were they for three generations fairly presumed to be the property of the Indians; and yet, in defiance of this, the claim was persisted in, and the officers having them in charge were obliged to submit. On finding that no remonstrance would prevail, the Indians rose in a body, determined to re-possess them by force; and to such a pitch of excitement was their anger raised, that the troops were called out to suppress the tumult. Force compelled the captive Seminoles to desist, but we trust for the sake of the purity of justice, the correctness of this most suspicious claim will be thoroughly investigated. On this petty pretext have these 1200 Indians, with the steamboats necessary for their transportation, been detained four days.—*New Orleans True American.*

MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR.—We noticed the suspicious circumstances connected with the French ship Alexandria, arrived at Newport, (R. I.) from the East Indies. It appears the French Consul was received on board at Newport with much rudeness; that after considerable delay, he was told the Captain and seven men had been washed overboard in a gale "singly." It was also ascertained that on the arrival of the ship, two seamen (one an American) had been paid off and dismissed; that one had been heard to say a curious story would come out in a few days. Two females (Malays) have been found secreted on board. The present Captain, formerly an inferior officer, had, on his arrival, offered to sell the ship cheap for cash, as he wished to go on to Boston. The French Consul General, Mr. Laforest, has placed the ship and crew under his jurisdiction, and has taken measures to have a judicial investigation immediately.—*N. Y. Star.*

From the Christian Statesman.

## OUR CITY.

If there be in the United States, or the world, a more eligible or magnificent site for a city than that selected by the FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY for his Capital, we are ignorant of the fact. Our citizens do not, we imagine, justly appreciate their advantages of situation, or duly consider the beauty, variety and extent of the rich and enchanting scenery by which they are encompassed. Why a view from Arlington House is worth a journey of a thousand miles, we had almost said a voyage across the Atlantic. We have travelled in most of the States of this Union, and know of nothing equal to it. General LAFAYETTE, we are told, thought it surpassed anything he had seen, either in this country or Europe. Indeed the vast area upon which Washington stands, is embosomed in an amphitheatre of hills of moderate elevation, yet sufficiently commanding, looking down upon our city and the wide and mirror-like Potomac, and affording admirable country seats for those who, while holding daily intercourse with men, love hours of retirement with nature and with God. Truly the lines have fallen unto us in pleasant places, and we have a goodly heritage. What we need here in Washington is, a deeper and more intense love to our City—closer bonds of social union—Public spirit—resolution to make this Capital of the Republic, bearing an immortal name, the pride and pattern, and glory of the world. This home sentiment has indeed with our citizens not had time to grow; and, besides, our population has come together from almost every part of the country, if not of the world, and it is not in a moment that opinions and affections that have sprung into being in different societies and circumstances can be wrought into unity and consequent strength of character. But this home sentiment should be cherished. Let us study Architecture, encourage Genius, adorn our grounds and gardens, cultivate the Arts, and build up noble Institutions of Charity and Wisdom—the very ruins and dust of which shall, like those of Athens, be precious in the eyes of all coming time.

"Is there a man who now hears me," says the eloquent Buckminster, "who would not rather belong to an enlightened and virtuous community, than to the mightiest empire of the world distinguished only by its vastness? If there is, let him cast his eye along the records of states. What do we now know of the vast unlettered empires of the East? The far-extended conquests of the Assyrian hardly detain us a moment in the annals of the world, while the little state of Athens will forever be the delight of the historian and the pride of letters; preserving, by the genius of her writers, the only remembrance of the barbarian powers which overwhelmed her. To come down to our own times; who would not rather have been a citizen of the free and polished republic of Geneva, than wander a prince in the vast dominions of the Czar, or bask in the beams of the present emperor of a desolated continent?"

THE INDIANS OF THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.—An agent of the Temperance Society, in a journal of a late tour of the region of the Upper Mississippi, presents a picture of the present condition of the Indian tribes in that quarter, which must deeply rouse the commiseration of every benevolent man. From our own personal observation one year since, we would corroborate the assertion, that were the world ransacked for a subject in which should be concentrated and personified injustice, oppression, drunkenness, squalid, filth, and degradation, one would point to the straggling Indian on the banks of the Upper Mississippi, for the aptest exemplification. There were some two or three hundred of these stragglers—Winnebagoes, chiefly, about Prairie du Chien—men, women and children, many of whom had scarcely the fragments of a filthy blanket to hide their nakedness or screen them from the cold—strolling and staggering about in squads of from two to half a dozen each, begging for whiskey, or cold potatoes, or crusts of bread. One old female, doubtless turned of three score and ten, half naked, was gathering up from the dirt and ashes about the boiler of the steamboat, a few pieces of dried apples that had been dropped and trodden under foot, which, with her toothless gums, she attempted to masticate with all the eagerness of a starving swine. Little children, from one to four years old, were crawling about in a state of nudity and almost of starvation, while their own mothers and fathers were staggering, fighting and swearing. It is a fact, that while these poor creatures cannot articulate a word of any thing else in English, the most awfully profane expressions will drop from their own lips in English, as fluently as if it had been their vernacular tongue. When the whites first settled in that neighborhood, the Indians raised corn and other provisions enough, not only for their own use, but also for the fur traders and settlers. Now they are altogether dependent for even the scanty subsistence, by which they are dragging out the remnant of a miserable life, upon the whites. And what has been the cause of so great a change in so few years in the circumstances and habits of a whole people? The answer is plain to every one at all acquainted with Indian history. It is the perfidy and avarice of the whites, and whiskey, whiskey, has been the all potent agent by which it has been effected. By selling and giving them whiskey till they become drunk, they are soon filched of the little annuities received from Government; and then treated the rest of the year like so many dogs. As an illustration of the feeling towards them, a merchant at Prairie du Chien expressed the very humane wish, that there might soon be another Indian war, to kill them all off.—*St. Louis Bulletin.*

Passage across the Rocky Mountains.—According to the Rev. Sam. Parker's Missionary Tour across this circle of range, there is a passage or valley through them of five to 20 miles width forming a summit level much below the highest peaks and 80 miles in length, on which it would be practicable to construct a good rail road. This great chain comes up from the great ridge of the Andes, the back bone of South America, of which it is a continuation, and reaches, by the latest Arctic discoveries, up to the frigid zone, which bounds our continent at 18,000 feet. Some say 28,000, which is higher than the highest of ranges known as the Himalayas, of Asia. So Europe with her Alps, and South America with her Chimborazo, may literally "hide their diminished heads." We have the largest continent, longest rivers, biggest lakes, highest mountains, widest prairies, "fatted catarrh," greatest lead and, probably, gold mines, &c., as Col. Wildlife would say, in the whole world.—*N. Y. Star.*